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POETRY.

From the Token for 1837.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Jewel most precious thy mother to deck,
Clinging so fast to the chain of my neck,
Looking thy little white fingers to hold
Closer and closer the circles of gold.
Stronger than these are the links that confine
Near this fond bosom this treasure of mine!
Gift from my Maker, so pure and so dear,
Almost I hold thee with trembling and fear.

Whence is this gladness so holy and new,
Felt as I clasp thee, or have thee in view?
What is the noise that allips over the mind?
Drawing it back if it leaves thee behind?
Soft is the bond that links thee to me,
O! when the mother her babe has forgot,
Ceasing from joy in so sacred a trust,
Dark should her eye be and closed for the dust.

Spirit immortal, with light from above,
Over this new opened fountain of love,
Forth from my heart as it gushes so free,
Sparkling and playing, and leaping to thee,
Painting the rainbow of hopes till they seem
Brighter than reason—too pure for a dream!
What shall I call thee? My glory? my sun?
These cannot name thee, thou beautiful one!

Brilliant, celestial, so priceless in worth,
How shall I keep thee from ruin by crime,
Dined not by sorrow, untarnished by time?
Where, from the thief and the robber who stray
Over life's path, shall I hide thee away?
Fair is the setting, but richer the gem,
O! thou'lt be covered—sought for by them!

I must devote thee to one who is pure,
Touched by his brightness, thine will be sure,
Borne in his bosom, no vapor can dim,
Nothing can win or can pluck thee from Him.
Seamless and holy the garment he folds
Over his jewels that closely he holds.
Hence unto him be my little one given,
Yea, 'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

GLEN VIOLET.

Thou art beautiful! oh thou sunny spot,
And I love thee passing well!
For thy flowers are red and thy rocky haunts
Have many a tale to tell;
And thy summer winds go laden by
With the breath of the rose and vine,
Full many a sweetly-scented flower
Of the wild wood-hue is thine.

I love at the twilight's witching hour
To sail o'er thy waters blue,
When the silver rays of the silent moon
Have lit on the sombre yew,
And I love to watch for the speckled tribe,
When the night-bird is on the bough,
And to think there is not in the world beside
So fair a spot as thou.

Thou art beautiful! when the star-beams sleep
On thy high hill's crested brow,
And the song of the night-bird is stealing forth
From the fern-tree's scented bough;
And I love to list to the gentle wind
As mournfully low it grieves,
When the primrose is out with its golden cup
And the star-flower shuts its leaves.

Thou art beautiful! sleeping so gently now
With thy clear blue sky above,
And thy music of winds and of gentle wood,
Blended deep with the tones of love;
When the breezes are out with their tones of
mirth
And the night-bird is on the bough,
There is not in the sorrowing world beside
So fair a spot as thou.

M. E. JACKSON.

Written for the Saturday Courier.

THE ESCAPE.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY H. G. W.

The days of our country's peril are long since past, when the enemies of our independence were dealing havoc upon our borders, and their savage allies strengthened the arm of merciless cruelty and indiscriminate bloodshed. The principal actors in the drama of our national struggles have gone to join the great conclave of patriot saints (for as they were true patriots, I believe they must be among the justified,) and a thrill of reverence is awakened at the sound of their names. Yet here and there may be found one whom toil and suffering have fitted to bear the rude shock of time, in the waning of their four-score years, and but few remain to tell the stirring tales of the 'days that tried men's souls.' Honored will for ever be the memory of those whose names are associated with the well-earned liberty they secured to their posterity, and in all succeeding time, none, perhaps, will more richly deserve to be placed high on the rolls of fame, or merit a more glorious tribute of praise for benefits to mankind. But while the exploits of some are heralded to the world, and we bend the reverential knee upon the inscribed marble, where are recorded the deeds of others—many whose worth was like ru-

bies in the great purchase, whose blood flowed freely in the holy cause, and whose modest virtues, and silently devoted services filled to overflowing the measure of their country's glory, have gone to their graves unknown, and their deeds—some of them, perhaps, that would have done honor to the patriot of Thermopylae—are buried with them, untold by the historian, forgotten as death cuts the life-thread of eye-witnesses, and soon to be known no more by any of those who should treasure up every jewel in the casket of their country's glory, to fire the soul and nerve the arm of her sons, when the storm may burst upon us, that shall threaten destruction to the edifice which has been up-piled and cemented by such righteous blood.

All who are versed in the history of our war of independence, have some notion of the calamities that befel the inhabitants of the Mohawk Valley and the adjacent country, when the Johnsons, holding the empire, controlled the operations of the Six Nations, (with one doubtful exception) & death was too often the reward of even indifference to the success of the royal cause, and inhuman torture not unfrequently was the consequence of adherence to the friends and principles of liberty; and the deeds of that corps of noble patriots, called Willet's Volunteers—a regiment of brave spirits, under the command of Col. Marinus Willet, whose memory will ever be dear, especially to the descendants of those who dwelt between the Oneida Lake and the Hudson River—are fresh in the minds of all those who have read the history of those times, and who love to cherish a holy sympathy in their bosoms for the sufferings of their fellows, and keep alive a spark of that generous spirit that led men to peril all for the chance, then, alas! too slight, of establishing for those, who should live after them, the free institutions that as lone are congenial to the natural, the inalienable rights, that man, with his being, inherited from his Creator.

The general history of that corps has not been neglected...but the details of their operations, the underplots, the skirmishes, the individual feats of valor—in short, the thousand incidents of interest connected with their campaign, are recorded only in the memory of such as have been fortunate enough to fall in with some gray-haired soldier of that band, that could 'fight his battles o'er again,' and

'Tell the tales that few could tell,
To curdle youthful blood.'

The adjutant of that regiment was one F., of Schenectady (afterwards distinguished by the title of Colonel) young, intelligent, enthusiastic, well-formed for his calling, and with a heart as generous and brave as the righteousness and weakness of the cause in which he had enlisted, required. His deeds may yet be a theme for some able pen, but the following brief narrative, although not especially intended as such, will serve to illustrate his character.

I would here remark that the story is from his own lips in substance...but the circumstances under which it was told, and the modesty with which every act, connected with himself, was described, served to heighten the interest to me, and impress the conviction of its truth. More than eighty years had gathered upon his patriotic head; the world had not always been kind to him, but the bounty of his country had finally placed him above the canker of want, and he loved to show his scars, and drop a tear over the recounted scenes of pain & pleasure, that were more fresh in interest as he found new listeners, and his head became more silvered in the lapse of years.

I had frequent occasions to call on him for the purpose of procuring evidence for other veterans, that they too might receive the long delayed reward for their services, from the source that is ever slow in doling out the trifle that often will not serve to stay the waste that hope deferred has wrought upon the mind, that for half a century has had no consolation for the loss of kindred friends and blood but the manifest prosperity of the country they loved, and the free employment of the privileges of its institutions, in common with those who now cultivate and enjoy the soil that was cleared by their hands and treasure.

Interest, prejudice, and various other causes separated neighbors & friends, when it became necessary to decide which party each should join, in the general contest. For in those days there were no neutrals in the sections of country where were enacted any war-like scenes. The Tories, as they were called, many of them conscientiously adhered to the government and its friends, and joined the enemies of the great majority of the people, who staked their all upon the issue of the contest. It was not unfrequently the case that the wealthy and powerful were among the Tories, for they had more to risk, and some favors to expect, in the event of success.

While Colonel Willet's regiment was stationed at Fort Herkimer, on the Mohawk, a party of Tories & Indians, amounting to nearly two hundred, crossed the valley from the north, and pursued their way south up to the Schoharie Creek. Their thirst for blood seemed only less excessive than their delight in torture. Shocking would be the detail of enormities committed by them in passing thirty miles southerly from the Mohawk. As such an invasion was at that time unexpected, and the whole country around being unguarded, it was by chance alone that any of the inhabitants escaped.

About ten miles from the Mohawk, and directly on this route, lived Major F., afterwards well known for his zeal and efficient aid in the cause of the patriots. He had been in the service of the government in the previous difficulties with the French, for which he had received ample remuneration, had naturally become attached to those under whom he had served, and from whom he had received many favors, and in whose society he had spent some of his happiest years.—He had retired to the west with sufficient means to secure for his family all the comforts and luxuries of life to be acquired by such a residence, and was, as it were, upon the threshold of domestic happiness, being fairly settled in his new residence when the revolution commenced. His family consisted of a wife, two young sons, who were clerks in New York, and an only daughter, who resided with him, aged about seventeen years.

It is said that no story can be extremely interesting, without love has something to do with it. This is, perhaps, not necessarily true; but where there is a female character, young, beautiful and accomplished, I confess love is almost indispensable. Such was Clarissa S. She was of the proper age for love: she was like the lily among the meadow-flowers, and had all the mental charms that study and the situation of her father could afford. And had she never loved, or been beloved? some one may inquire. The answer may be inferred from a brief notice of the following incident.

When Clarissa was at the age of twelve years, she attempted to cross the Hudson River in a skiff, accompanied by her cousin of the same age, to see an aunt residing on the shore opposite to the residence of her father, with two wild boys for rowers. It was a calm summer evening, and the boys, in mirth and thoughtlessness, ceased rowing in the middle of the river, and began to rock the boat, for the purpose of alarming the girls. The latter became greatly terrified, and the boat being very easily jostled soon upset, contrary to the intention of the poor boys, and all were plunged into the river, without any prospect of escape from a watery grave. In this sad condition, neither of them being able to swim, (or if the boys could, the distance from the shore precluded any prospect of reaching it,) they clung to one another, and thereby hastened the moment when they should sink to rise no more. They cried for help, but the cry was vain. As one or another inhaled water, their struggles were more desperate, and all would have sunk together, had not Clarissa, with a little calmer mind than the others, excited herself from the three, and grasping an oar at the same time, that was floating near her, she was buoyed up for a moment, while she saw the liquid element close for ever over those who had so lately been all loveliness and dear to her. It so happened that the oar was uncommonly large for such a boat, and she having laid hold of it near the middle, it barely kept her light form above the water.

About a hundred rods distant, and anchored upon a sand bar that made out from a small island in the river, lay a fishing boat, in which was a solitary individual, the son of a fisherman, and about fourteen years of age. He had noticed the skiff from the moment it pushed from the shore, and was, perhaps, the only person who witnessed the catastrophe. In an instant, as the boat upset, his anchor-buoy was dropped, and his little fishing-craft flew like a wild duck upon the surface of the glassy stream, towards the fated spot. After her three companions had sunk out of her sight, Clarissa perceived the fish boat moving towards her, and soon recognized the well-known form and motion of Frank Wells. She felt as though his efforts, by which every nerve was strained, would be unavailing, for her strength was exhausted, and a faintness was gathering upon her that nearly darkened her vision. Frank rowed with all his might, but she grew weaker with every breath.

'Row, Frank—row, Frank,' inaudibly lisped the fainting girl.

The boat appears not five oars' length.

'Oh he is yet in time to save!'

He reached the spot, and with a sudden whirl of the boat, it stood as if fastened

upon a pivot.—The oar was floating gently away down the current, but Clarissa was not to be seen. One only expedient remained. He waited a moment to see if she might rise, and then, already divested of his hat and jacket, with a plunge he soon reached the bottom of the river. He was a first rate swimmer, and experienced in diving. He made the proper calculations for the relative positions of the oar and the sinking girl, as affected by the current, and soon found the object of his search upon the bottom of the river. With the bubbles that rose from the alluvial bottom, he reached the surface, nearly exhausted, and strove to resume his boat, which had, in the mean time, floated a few paces down the current. This was a difficulty not anticipated in the haste, though finally overcome by the utmost efforts. With one hand he grasped the stern of the boat, and with the other, clasped around the waist of Clarissa, he paused, holding her, apparently lifeless, with her head put above the water. He was sensible that a few moments delay would make all experiments for resuscitation vain, yet without a short respite he found it impossible to raise her into the boat.—But a short time sufficed—and he was on his way with all possible speed towards the shore. He had before seen persons restored from drowning, and now, when on his way for shore, he had time to reflect upon the means to be resorted to in this case. A few moments might be too late. He laid the breathless girl across a seat towards the bow of the boat, and continued to make it rise and fall, by leaning fore and aft with each stroke of the oars, and thereby created such a regular and incessant motion in the body as to have the desired effect, and to his great joy, before he reached the shore, she showed some signs of returning life.

In a moment more she was laid, by Frank, upon a sofa, in her mother's parlor, in the presence of her astounded parents. Her wet clothes sufficiently indicated what had befallen her, and in the midst of the confusion and extreme anxiety of all, consequent upon her appearance, Frank, after relating what he saw of the fatal accident, and satisfied that his services could be no longer useful, retired; unobserved, happy that he had saved the precious life of one who, though above him in the estimation of the world, yet one to whose favourable notice he had in youthful attentions aspired, with no correspondent assurance of success. He was unobtrusive, well bred, and of sterling merit, and he shunned, perhaps unreasonably, those from whom he expected the warmest expressions of gratitude for the rescue.

The father made frequent inquiry and search for his daughter's deliverer, but could not, from various causes, see him prior to their departure for the west, which took place shortly after...firmly resolved that distance should never prevent his requiting Frank for the noble deed.

Some years had glided away since the event above related, and Clarissa had never seen the generous-hearted sailor boy. He was remembered by all the family with the deepest sense of obligation, and every morning and evening prayer bore his name to the Author of all good gifts.—There was a tinge of melancholy for ever on the countenance of Clarissa, that enhanced her beauty, and she longed constantly to behold the youth that had finally become the beau ideal of her fancy, and in short the object of her affections. Her father, who, as above remarked, had never forgotten her deliverer, at the time our tale commences, had gone to the place of his former residence, with the intention of offering his services to Frank Wells, to procure for him a station under the government, that would, if it did not enrich him, afford a handsome living, at the same time that it would put him in a way to distinguish himself in the support of 'good cause,' as Major S. used to term it. It was the powerful against the weak—it was the cause of an aristocratical government attempting to coerce young, but gallant & liberal-minded Colonies into the acknowledgment of measures, the tendency of which, if they did not produce slavery, were to rivet upon them the shackles that culprits should wear.

Frank had seen sorrow, misfortune, and poverty, in the loss of his father and some other dear friends...but at the news of the first shedding of free blood at Lexington, his youthful spirit was roused, and he forgot all in his yearnings for his country's independence. When Major S. reached the place of his destination, he had already been gone several months to join some volunteers, that were mustering in and about Albany.

But we return for a moment to Schoharie.—Upon his leaving home, the wife and daughter of Major S. remained, with some domestics, as he supposed, in security, as no danger from either beligerent party was, at the time, apprehended in that

quarter. But none know what the morrow may bring forth.

As the party of Tories and Indians before mentioned, passed up the Schoharie Creek, they came to the house of Major S. late in the afternoon. Clarissa had an hour or two before gone to administer to the necessities of a sick person, about two miles distant, and the sudden appearance of the party, or the news of their approach, being so little in advance of them, the family had barely time to escape in a direction opposite to the one in which she had gone. The mother, filled with anguish lest she should be separated from her daughter and perhaps for ever, could be induced only by actual force to fly with the domestics, and in taking a by-road that led westward out of the course of the invaders, they eluded them. The house was pillaged, but during the time they remained about it, some of the Tories discovered the name of Major S. written upon divers articles, and that was the means of saving the house from destruction, they thinking him friendly to their cause. But the fate of Clarissa was to differ from that of her mother. I shall not here recount the outrages of the savages and their associates.

Clarissa, not knowing of their approach, was met by a small party of Indians, that had separated from the main body. She had nothing to expect from them but death or treatment even worse than this. Escape was hopeless and resistance entirely unavailable. She had one faithful attendant, but unarmed and helpless before such a number, he had not time to consider any means of defence or plan of escape, or pacification, before his reeking scalp graced the trophy sack of a Mohawk chief.

The affrighted girl fell fainting from the horse which she was riding, and with one accord the whole number of the party murmured, 'save the pale face alive.' When she again became sensible of her situation it was night, and she was in the midst of a savage group, seated around a fire in a lofty forest. Her feelings can only be imagined, not described. She had as yet suffered nothing from them but fear, but so deeply had this affected her, that she felt as though death would be a relief and a blessing. As she raised her head, and gazed about upon her keepers she perceived that they were in earnest conversation relating to her, for they frequently made gestures and grimaces, and pointed towards her, some shaking their heads, and others nodding assent to exclamations. It soon appeared that two chiefs had differed as to whom their prisoner belonged, and it seemed it was generally intended to save her life.

In a few moments, however, the dispute waxed quite warm, and some motions appeared to her to indicate a disposition to end the controversy by her sacrifice. It was a dreadful moment, the thought of her mother, perhaps inhumanly butchered by the miscreants, then wavering over her destruction, and of living, doomed to drag out the remainder of her days in wretchedness, on account of her loss. Here her father seemed in fancy raving at the woful chance that bereft him of an only daughter, without an opportunity of defending her even to death and the despair that must come upon him, when her mother's fate should be known to him. Then the thought of the brave hearted one to whom she owed her life in days gone by. The burden of these rapid reflections overwhelmed her and she sunk into a drowsy stupor, that made her listless of the passing scenes.

The news of this incursion of the Tories and Indians reached the garrison at Fort Herkimer about sunset, the day before the incident above related, occurred. It was a cold winter evening, and as the regiment was ill supplied with clothing, it was the more difficult to procure a company of volunteers to turn out in pursuit of them. Capt. T. (as the adjutant was mostly called, from his having taken command of a company in the memorable expedition against Oswego,) volunteered to lead thirty on their track, and bide the consequences—it not having been ascertained what was the number of the enemy's force. He soon raised the requisite number, and commenced the march, and when the sun arose they were beyond the big pot, (Big Pot,) a spot, thus called by the Indians, near where is now the village of Canassaharie. Here they ascertained the course of the enemy, and the country from thence being uneven, their progress was not so rapid, yet they reached the summit of the hill over looking the Schohariekill, before the sun withdrew his gilded beams from the Catskill mountains; here they paused to reconnoitre, having learned that they were only a few miles distant from the enemy, or a part of them. As it grew dark they continued their march, and as they descended into the valley, they could easily trace the course of their savage foes, by the desol-

ration of the country, and the smoking ruins of every habitation in their way. They continued their pursuit, until frequent signs induced them to believe they must be close upon their rear. The company then halted, and in a favorable situation fixed their camp for the night. When they had refreshed themselves from their knapsacks, a majority of them fell into a sound sleep, but the ever vigilant captain thought the enemy was too near to commit the keeping of his life to a guard that, wearied & almost overcome by their forced march, might mingle their dreams with the death yell of a savage. After the guards were stationed, and all was still in the little camp Captain F. and a favourite sergeant belonging to the regiment, and who had been by his side in many a terrific scene, and to whom fear was unknown, glided into the woods and took the direction towards the mountain on the east of the valley, thinking that they should hereby ascertain, by the fires of the enemy, whereabouts they had taken up their night's lodging. They crossed the creek, and ascended a gentle knoll, at whose abrupt base, on the west, passed the Scholastic. Here they discovered by the starlight, frequent footsteps, and now and then, as the murmur of the trees over head ceased, the captain thought he heard voices. After going a few paces farther, 'hold,' said he, 'yonder is a dim light, and sometimes I fancy I hear voices indistinctly.'

They had not yet gained the summit of the knoll, and as they ascended, the light became more distinct, and proved to be the reflection upon the trees, of a large fire situated at the foot of the hill, and distant from them about a hundred rods. On the west of the fire could be distinguished the bank of the creek, and on the east the steep ascent that curved round from where they stood till it formed a semicircle, whose diameter was the stream. On the southern angle, nearly of this plot of ground, was the fire; but so thick was the wood, and such was the distance, that they could not discover the form of a man around it. They stood in consultation, until voices were distinctly audible, and being well acquainted with the tones of Indians, they were satisfied that the enemy sought, or a part of their number were there. It was to them something singular that at midnight they should keep up such an incessant clatter of words, that not unfrequently indicated anger, and although the captain was sufficiently acquainted with the Mohawk tongue to understand it generally, yet now the sounds were so confused and jumbled that not a word was intelligible. They gradually drew near the point of attraction by following the curve, and keeping on the summit of the bank. Soon they could discover motions around the fire and now and then an Indian form passed to and fro before it. As they drew near, they discovered there were twenty or thirty of the party, a part of whom lay carelessly around the fire. The others were apparently disputing, almost to a quarrel, on the subject of a prisoner. They had approached as near as concealment would allow, and here crouched behind a log, to observe what was going forward. Each of them was well armed with a musket and pocket dirk, but their intention was not to make use of their weapons at this time, but to return to their fellows after making all proper discoveries, and prepare an attack towards morning, after the corps would be somewhat restored, and the Indians stilled in sleep. They now remained silent and attentive observers of the scene. It was sometime before they could discover the vehement and angry manner of some of the Indians, and although they could distinctly hear many things said by them; still little was understood until one who seemed to set as umpire in the midst of a number standing about, exclaimed, 'Let the pale face die, and his scalp belong to the son of Ouseata.'

Immediately half a dozen raised a shout as if in triumph—and forth from behind the fire, until now hidden from their view, was led a female, and at the same time the tomahawks and scalping knives glistened in the light. 'Be ready, my brave fellow,' whispered the captain, 'for we have enough to do.' 'Oh, God, she must be saved,' was the quick reply. Their manner of attack was soon settled. They were both marksmen, and they were within fair gun shot of the Indians. The captain's orders to his companion were, that he should first fire, and his own shot would then be held in reserve, if needed. The first shot was to be made at the Indian who should first offer harm to the prisoner, and not until the order should be given. Scarcely was the arrangement made when one who had been, during the whole scene, taking a very active part, advanced towards her, and placing her back against a tree, he tied her hands, with some thongs of deer's hide, around it, and then led out the whole company a few paces, to try their skill in casting the tomahawk at their victim. Their guns were all left near the fire. The foremost of the file raised his weapon, & awaited a signal from the chief; but as it was given, the savage gave a yell, and tumbled upon his face, by a shot. An exclamation of fear burst from the lips of the whole group—several of them instantly fled, but some of the older ones, when the first moment of surprise was passed, hearing no more guns, rushed towards their victim with a shout that seemed like the malignant despair of demons. The captain's shot did the same execution, & with the discharge of his gun the two rushed towards the tree. The last shot had a ten-

dency to check the Indians in their advance, and before they reached their arms, our heroes had each seized one of their muskets, and aimed them at their owners. One failed to fire, but the foremost savage received the contents of the other. Before an exchange of guns could be made, (for there were yet near twenty remaining,) a tomahawk, hurled from one of the Indians, wounded the captain in the left arm, and another struck in the tree just above the head of Clarissa. There were yet four of the enemy remaining, but

Three armed is he who hath his quarrel just. At this instant the captain shouted aloud with orders as if to a company, to rush on. The Indians made a desperate attack upon them, expecting soon to be overwhelmed by numbers—at the same time two aimed blows at the captain, but his comrade, having succeeded in getting another gun into his hands that contained a charge, levelled one of them, and then grappled with the giant strength of the other; this might have been a fatal doing, but for an accidental blow aimed at him, that fell upon the shoulder of his antagonist, and prostrated him upon the ground. This left them even manned, and the Indians, despairing of victory, and before they could be followed by a well aimed shot, effected their escape.

The exhausted victors then turned to relieve her who was the object of this fearless attack. The excitement produced upon her mind by the discharge of the muskets, the savage yells, and the terrible scene that she had just witnessed, had made her sensible of her situation; and as they unbanded her from the tree, and brought her to the light, she gazed upon her rescuers for an instant, and raising both hands towards heaven, exclaimed, 'Frank Wells!' and sunk fainting upon the ground. The astonished soldier took her in his arms. He knew that voice, though he had not heard its soft tones for more than four years; and in the fulness of his heart, he could only say... 'thank God... thank God! once more for thy precious life.'

The firing of the captain and Frank was heard by their little company, & roused them from their slumbers; they immediately seized their arms, and marched in that direction. They arrived at the spot a few moments after the occurrences just related. Clarissa had every comfort administered to her that the nature of the situation allowed, and when the day broke, she was able to relate the events of the past day, and express her gratitude to her friends for life and protection. The captain soon recovered from his wound. After sending Clarissa to a place of safety, the little band pursued their enemy, and though five times their number, they were routed and scattered, and many of them killed, wounded and taken prisoners. Thus ended the short expedition.

Major S., the father of Clarissa, returned not until his daughter was restored to her mother and her home; and having learned the tale of her sufferings and rescue, his gratitude seemed to have no bounds. It was with the greatest reluctance that he parted with Frank again, and no argument seemed to prevail over his inclination to detain him, but the necessities of his country, which, from that hour, he devoted, by a solemn vow, his property and influence. But before they parted, he had the high gratification of witnessing the pledges of everlasting fidelity, that were made between his only daughter and Frank Wells.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

This is exclusively an American question and which is now deeply agitating the Anglo-American Confederation. Whatever may be the feelings of humanity in its favor, or the dictates of religion, it is the affair of the people of the States, and others cannot interfere without violating the right which belongs to individuals, families and political societies, to manage their own domestic affairs without external interference. In this view of the matter, we are sorry to see the formation of 'An Anti Slavery Society' in Upper Canada. It seems to us uncalled for; slavery does not exist there, nor in any part of the British dominions. Where then is the use of such a society? Is it intended to operate in the United States? We cannot conceive a greater effence towards any people than for their neighbors to interfere in their domestic affairs. It is neither consistent with prudence nor good neighborhood. If the right exists in one community it exists in all. What would be the consequence if it were generally acted upon? Why, precisely what we see every day in common life; people neglecting their own affairs to interfere meddling with those of others; misunderstandings, quarrels and violence, and a general decline of the happiness and prosperity of those engaged in it.

Slavery is certainly a great evil: it degrades our species to the rank of brute beasts. Its influence on the slave-holder is even more fatal than on the slave; it makes him idle, proud, tyrannical, immoral and regardless of justice to all men, which is the only condition upon which human societies can be preserved in peace, and prosper. The effect on the slave is certainly not worse than on the master; work gives him health of body and generally peace of mind. He is rarely overworked and generally has sufficient food and raiment. If he is forcibly kept in ignorance, he has the less to answer for. The tyranny and injustice of which he is the victim may, indeed, gall and corrupt his mind, and raise cruel and vindictive feelings; but this is far from being general.

There are good masters and good slaves, each performing his relative duties with kind feelings.

Is it this conduct and feeling which in christian countries has gradually led to the emancipation of the slave, and finally effaced the distinction between them; made them the same people, enjoying the same freedom and the same rights. The most melancholy feature of slavery in the United States is, that this never can take place. The ancient slaves had been originally captives in war from neighboring people. They were of the same color. A short enjoyment of freedom was sufficient to wipe out all visible distinction between the former masters and the slaves; but, it is impossible to wash the Ethiopian white, and till this takes place the distinction will remain. One color will be disposed to dominate over the other. The change would eventually result in the unjust dominion of the one race over the other, or probably the extermination of one of them.

The experiment of emancipation of the blacks is going on in the British West India Islands. It may succeed there; for the power of the one and the other color, is controlled by an external government—by British soldiers and ships of war. It could not be so in the United States, where the power of government is in the majority of the people, and would probably so remain, whether that majority were black or white. Where the slaves are the majority their condition would not be bettered; where they might be the majority it is utterly unreasonable to expect that they would exercise their power with justice. It is wrong at any rate, for foreigners to interfere in such a question. No prudent person any where would like to be responsible for contributing in any degree to results, such as may naturally be expected from its being agitated or carried.—Que. Gaz.

STATE OF POLITICAL OPINION IN LOWER CANADA IN 1837.

At the last General Election, in the fall of 1834, there were two counties out of eight having a majority of English Electors, who returned Members pledged to the 'French origin' 92 Resolutions.

It has so happened that elections have since occurred in both these counties, viz. Drummond and Stanstead; and in both of them, the majority has declared against the 92; so that the whole of the counties having a population the majority of which is of 'British Foreign origin' party, in the language of the Resolutions are united against the Montreal 'French origin' party, who dominate in the Lower Canada House of Assembly.

But the change has not been confined to the electoral divisions of 'British or Foreign origin.' In Bonaventure, where the members were about equal, the majority has declared in favor of Mr. McCracken, a constitutional candidate. In the Upper Town of Quebec, the same thing occurred last spring. In the county of Montmorency, a candidate, who was opposed by the partisans of the dominant party at Montreal, succeeded. In the West Ward of Montreal, for which the Speaker of the House and leader of the party sits, had there been any thing like fair-play, there can be little doubt but there would have been a constitutional member.

Within less than a twelve-month, there have come over to the Constitutional cause, majorities of the following estimated populations, viz:

Upper Town of Quebec	8000
Drummond	1000
Bonaventure	5000
Souls	27000
Population of counties already represented by Constitutionalists	39000
Total represented	66000
Population not of French origin, included in French origin electoral divisions whose opinions may fairly be presumed to correspond with the opinion of the 66,000 who are represented	100,000
Total population of Lower Canada	600,000
Off as above	166,000
	434,000

Of these, probably more than one-half are in reality Constitutionalists, wishing for no change in the established Government. Of one thing every one may be certain, that if the 434,000 who style themselves by their representatives as of 'French origin,' were unanimous, they can effect nothing by physical force, of which they occasionally bluster, against 166,000 souls in the Province, and 700,000 in the adjoining colonies, who are nearly all loyal and constitutional; far less could they establish a French origin nationality, amidst forty times their number of 'English or Foreign origin,' in the adjoining countries of North America.

The 'French origin' party has enjoyed all their peculiarities under the protection of the British Government for seventy-six years, and may securely enjoy them so long as they think fit, by a loyal and peaceable conduct, together with all the common rights of British subjects in the Colony; but that they should assume, in virtue of their numerical force, to make or unmake its constitution, and rule all its other inhabitants as they think fit, is a pretension

which, if persisted in, must prove fatal to themselves, as it is consistent neither with right nor might....1-6.

For the Missiskoui Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 9.

Young people, when they are about to marry the object of their mutual love and choice, are in most cases, however harsh the phrase may sound, idolaters, with respect to each other. Each one is sure there is no fault in the other. All is perfection. One is an angel, the other is a sun. The gay delusion is going to last forever. But pause we for a while. Time is a wonder working power. When the mutual idolatry is the offspring of merely external beauty, complexion and form, with a little varnish of adacitious graces, without regard to mental qualities, temper, disposition and capacity, it cannot be expected to be durable, because it is founded in qualities which are short lived, and evanescent. Mere external qualities will become familiar, without being useful contributors to the cup of happiness, if mental deformities and moral obliquities develop themselves in the character of the person. These throw a revolting shade over beauty and form, for which no amends can be made, by mere external charms.

My design, I should think, cannot be misunderstood. I do not mean to throw the least ray of disparagement on the fair and charming face.

I only wish to caution all from depending on external attractions. There are internal attractions of infinitely greater value, in which all the young should endeavor to excel. See that the 'inner man' be more attractive, because it is the gold. The outer 'man' is the mere casing or shell. In making your choice of a partner for life, let sound consideration, and not the creations of fancy or caprice, be your guide. And when you shall have vowed to each other mutual love and esteem, do not flatter yourselves, let your choice have been ever so wise and so prudent, with the expectation that either the one or the other is all perfection. While you are mutual idolaters, in the gay time of courtship, you cannot even dream, nor allow that imperfection is either possible or probable; but depend upon it that imperfection is certainly to be discovered by each of you in the other much sooner than you suppose.

First, then, lay it down as an infallible certainty, that each of you will, in the other, discover imperfections soon enough, and secondly, if such must be the expectation more or less in all cases make up your minds to bear with each other, kindly, patiently and meekly. The husband must bear with the imperfections of the wife, and the wife must bear with the imperfections of the husband. The duty & obligation are not merely on one side. They are reciprocally binding. It does not very often happen that either of the parties can justly triumph over the other; as both, if they are not too blind to see them, and too proud to acknowledge them, have abundance of faults to amend.

Thirdly. They are to perform the duty of reciprocal obligation, not in a cold, dry, unfeeling manner, but kindly, tenderly and affectionately. If they be sincerely honest, and right hearted in their desire to bear 'each other's burdens,' there can be no real difficulty, where the parties are endued with a moderate share of reason and common sense, to bear with each other, and, at the same time to increase their mutual esteem. From the time of their coming together as 'one flesh,' they ought to remember that there is a number of smart terms, in their vernacular tongue, with which, in their conversation, they have no longer any business. Each should find out, and mark all such terms, for irrevocable proscription, that they may not be the cause of any 'root of bitterness' springing up between them. Avoid all direct contradictions, and all cogent words which cannot express dissent, or difference in opinion, without being rude. Every subject upon which husband and wife can possibly differ in opinion may be discussed in language which need not, if they esteem and honor each other as they ought, offend by its blunt rudeness, or cut by its keen edge, or leave a wound, by its piercing darts. Avoid all the terms which express recrimination, or in common slang, such as jawing at one another. Husband and wife have no business at all with this sort of slang. Each may see the faults of the other, and it is their duty to admonish, to advise, to warn and entreat. When this is done in the spirit of meekness and kindness, the result will generally prove good. But recrimination and upbraiding can produce nothing better than irritation, and reprisals.

Avoid all the terms which imply contempt. No human being likes to be despised. Husband and wife are joined together in such wise as to be no longer 'twain.' If one despise the other, in regard to counsel, or opinion, he despises himself. As difference of opinion must sometimes exist between two thinking beings without necessarily producing strife, so, when there is a difference, abstain from every expression that implies, or that seems to imply, obstinacy, overbearing pertinacity, angry reflections, or unreasonable demands. Speak what you believe to be true 'in love,' as the Apostle enjoins. Persevering in a meek, patient, reasonable course, treating each other with mutual kindness and respect, though differences occasionally there may be, peace never will be endangered. It is a standing maxim that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' and so it will, if esteem and respect are strangers to the bosom, but in the case of husband and wife, if they govern their temper by the law of kindness, select their language, and use only that which reason and duty dictate, the 'familiarity' between the parties in question will 'breed' and cherish the most endearing affection, an unwearying desire of pleasing, and a growing regard for each other's sentiments and company.

Discuss none of your faults, neither depreciate the merits of each other, before company. It is equally necessary that you should not be guilty of such meanness before your children. If you make your children witnesses of such proceedings, you do them immense harm, and injure your own influence over them. With regard to others, it may be observed that right minded persons can never hear the jarring discussions of the fire side without pain. They can take no part in the conversation, though an appeal is evidently made to their judgment, and a decision expected by each of the contending parties. It is very disagreeable to hear one discussing the faults of the other, and looking for an approving verdict in his or her favor, and peculiarly so, to see the tokens of triumph, should any be so weak as to intermeddle with his tongue in a matter which ought to be avoided.

Husbands and wives! let the consideration be habitual to your minds, that your connexion together will come to an end, but that the effects will remain forever, either for happiness or woe. You may, by irreligious conduct, go on together without God in the world, and bring yourselves to the world of 'outer darkness,' and leave behind you a family to follow in your steps. The effects will be that you shall have contributed to the increase of impiety in your 'children's children' through generations to come, and be, yourselves, upbraiding each other as the cause through the ages of eternity. You have, in the meantime, the Gospel and the ordinances of religion, to instruct you in the way of life. If you now accept of the salvation, and of the grace which are in your power and 'walk together as heirs of the grace of life,' you shall have God for your father, and heaven for your 'inheritance.' 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, FEB. 7, 1837.

Since the General Election in 1834, two Counties, Drummond and Stanstead, which then by the return of members declared for the 92 Resolutions, have since, in consequence of vacancies occurring in their representation, declared against them, by the late election of Constitutional members.

In the county of Bonaventure, where the origins are nearly equal, there has been found a majority in favor of Constitutional principles, and in opposition to the famous 92. Mr. McCracken, the member elect, is said to be a constitutionalist.

The Electors of the Upper Town of Quebec have also declared against the 92, by the return of A. Stuart, Esq. We feel pretty certain that as soon as other counties even in the Seigniories, shall have the opportunity, they will follow the same example. A reaction has, undoubtedly, commenced. The extract given in our last No. from the L'Ami du Peuple, confirms the opinion.

The Assembly of Upper Canada has passed an address to the King for the annexation of Montreal to that province. They may pass as many votes as they please on that subject. We trust that will be all. What! Do they really think they can possess themselves of such a city by asking for it? Cities are not so easily bought and sold.

It gratifies us much to learn from the Farmers' Advocate that Dr. Colby and his friends, have nothing to fear. He has already appointments which go to show that he is a legally naturalized subject, and consequently is qualified to be a member of the House of Assembly.

Mr. Clay, of the United States Senate, presented a petition, praying that Papists may not be admitted to naturalization, unless they renounce the Roman Creed, and praying for a Committee to examine the vaults of Nunneries, Catholic Churches, & report once in six months. Will Doctor O'Callaghan recommend the habitants to become apostatized, so that they can enjoy the blessings of pure Republicanism?

A Fire at St. Johns, N. B., has destroyed 150 Buildings. 6,000 Barrels of Flour were also consumed.—Loss, \$2,000,000.

Great distress for want of Provisions, is felt at Trois Pistoles, a place on the River St. Lawrence, below Quebec, in the county of Rimousky. It is reported that 1200 persons are in a state of destitution. An appeal has been made in their behalf to the benevolence of Quebec.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Gale, of Montreal, was seized with a very sudden illness while attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Mondelet. We are happy to learn that he is convalescent.

A private soldier was killed in Quebec on the street, by the shafts of a cariole, furiously drove, striking him on the side. He died the next day in the Hospital, to which he was carried in great pain. The authorities should put down this pernicious practice on the streets. This is the third

For the Missiskoui Standard.

MR. EDITOR,—In your paper of the 24th ultimo, is an article from the New York Courier & Enquirer, headed 'More Abolition,' which is couched in terms calculated to cast a stigma on abolitionists, and to give your readers who are not acquainted with their principles and measures, very unfavorable and false views.

Now, Sir, I am myself an abolitionist, in the strongest sense of the term, and as such, I am jealous for their honor and integrity, and deem it my duty to defend their cause from the aspersions of falsehood and calumny. Relying on your 'justice' and 'candor,' expressed in the motto which you have so happily adopted for the head of your columns, I request you to give these remarks an insertion in your next.

The article in question, commences with a detailed account of a mob, of forty negroes coming to the rescue of their confined brethren, viz. a 'family of slaves,' previously arrested. This fruit of slavery, is ascribed to the 'agents of the abolitionists,' by the Editor of the New York Courier & Enquirer, who asserts, that whenever a fugitive slave is reclaimed by his master, 'similar scenes occur.' 'The philanthropists take arms!' 'The officers authorized to put the provisions of the constitution and the laws of the States in execution, do it at the risk of their lives,' &c.

More falsehoods could not well be embodied in the same space, than are here crowded together by the superior skill of this Editor. He, however, thinks it no harm to meet the abolitionists, with mobs and brute force. Hear his valiant address to the mob, near the close of his article, whom he exhorts to 'crush and overpower' the abolitionists. In order to 'give him his due,' I would state, that to him belongs the honor of first inventing the plan for 'putting down the abolitionists' by mobs. And also the principal honor of getting up the great mobs in N. York city, some more than two years ago; whose proceedings are too well known to need recapitulation. Ought not his name to be immortalized as the undeviating advocate of 'Lynch Law,' and oppression, by those 'masters,' to whom he truckles?

Abolitionists, so far from advocating any 'resort to arms,' or physical force, have ever deprecated it in the strongest terms. I defy any man living to point out a mob got up by abolitionists. There is no step they could take, which would prove so fatal a death blow to their cause, as this. Read any, and all of their publications, and you cannot find in them a sentence, from which could be inferred other counsel on this point, to abolitionists, or slaves, than this, to 'suffer injury long and still be kind.' Not to avenge themselves, but give place unto wrath.' Indeed, we have no design, and no means, to address the slaves. It would be worse than useless, and it is believed no person connected with any Anti-Slavery Society, has ever circulated among the slaves any publication whatever. We consider that man, who would circulate any 'inflammatory tracts' among slaves, or with a view to be read by them, as 'a foe to the peace of society, and to the best interests of the oppressed.' 'We would not sacrifice the life of a single slaveholder, to emancipate every slave in the United States.'

Further—this Editor accuses us, of employing 'every species of violence, intrigue, and influence' to prevent the 'reclamation of a runaway slave, (Quere...What fools the slaves must be to run away! from the 'better off' condition of slavery, where they have such 'kind and humane masters,') and of interposing 'every possible subterfuge, or pretext,' for the purpose of defeating the laws.' We abide by the laws, and rely upon them, with the constitution of our country, for our own safety. This, our opponents well know, and they have no other resort, but to call upon mobs to 'take the remedy in their own hands, and let the popular feeling do for itself what the constitution and the laws cannot, it seems, do for them.'

Nothing is more evident than the fact, that if the proceedings of abolitionists had violated any law, their enemies would have enforced the penalty, and raised a shout of triumph, which would have reverberated from Maine to Florida. The head and front of our offending is, that we have 'interposed' the laws, to prevent kidnappers from carrying away free colored people into slavery! and some few have been rescued by law, from the horrible fangs of these man-stealers. This would not be thought a crime, if the unfortunate victims were white instead of black.

We believe and promulgate the sentiment, that 'ALL MEN are created equal,'—that God endowed every man with the right to his own body, and his own earnings; and we have taken various means to convince our countrymen, that slavery is a most complicated system of cruelty, injustice, oppression, and sin; and like all sin, can, and should be abandoned immediately. That the slave holders would be better off in a pecuniary sense, to hire and pay their laborers as freemen, than to extort their toil by the lash. 'Woe unto him who useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.' In proof of the advantage of free labor, we advert to the difference between free and slave States, in point of internal improvement, prosperity, &c. Also to the West Indies, now prospering under the influence of emancipation.

Mr. Buxton, in a speech before the British House of Commons, March 22, 1836, settles the following among other points, viz. 'That not a single instance has occurred of a negro having been punished for assault upon a white'—'That the negroes work harder as freemen, for wages, than they ever did as slaves.' In short, all the despatches, of all the Governors of all the different Islands, exhibited under the improved system, the prevalence of the most perfect industry, and tranquility throughout the West Indian colonies.

Mr. Buxton also related the following fact—'The hon. member for Lynton, had stated to him,' 'that having for nine years before the measure was passed, possessed the largest slave property in Antigua, he had during the whole of that nine years, lost not less than £7,000.' But since the period in question, he had not only received in compensation a large sum, but had let his estate for £1,200 a year, for 3 years, upon unexceptionable security, and after the three years, for £1,500 a year, and moreover, that since he had concluded this bargain, he had been offered £2,000 for the estate.'

This speaks volumes in favor of abolition. Are we then, 'these firebrands of destruction.' 'These sappers of the union and happiness of the people,' 'these incendiaries' &c. &c. Have we opposed the freedom of speech? Have we attempted to break up orderly meetings? Have we rifled the mail, burnt effigies, destroyed the dwellings of our opponents—broke into and despoiled their churches, put men to death without trial? Let the history of the past answer.

But have our enemies done all this? Again let it answer—All this, yea, and much more. And why have they done it? Because their 'craft is in danger.' They know that they cannot long endure the majestic frown of public sentiment, and as the enormities of slavery are exposed to public scrutiny; blushing shame will cover their faces, and if they cannot veil themselves with that 'darkness,' which 'men love,' because their deeds are evil, they will open their minds to truth and justice, and resort to the only method which can prevent a 'dissolution of the Union; viz. the abolition of Slavery.'

A. H. B.
Enosburgh, Vt., 6th Feb., 1837.

THE YANKEE & THE YORKERS.—A couple of New York blades once met a Vermonters at a tavern. They had heard much of the Yankee ingenuity and cunning; and they soon determined to see, if they could not 'come round' this son of the Green Mountains. Thinking he would be careful of his coppers, they proposed to him, in the course of the evening's chat, that each of them then should propose, and do something, which the other two should imitate, or on refusal of either to do so, he should pay all the damage the other might sustain, and the scot at the bar. The Vermonters was a little wary at first, but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat walked up to the fire and threw it on. His companion did the same. The Vermonters, as they had agreed must do so too with his coat, or pay for the other two coats, and the scot. Without hesitating off went the garment, on to the fire. The other New Yorker next made trial. He off with boots and hat, and consigned them to the devouring element. His companion did the same, and to their astonishment, the Yankee was not backward....Now came the Vermonters' turn to lead. 'Landlord,' said he, 'is there a Doctor near?'—'Yes Sir.' 'Send for him.' The Doctor soon came in. 'Doctor,' said the Vermonters, 'get your instruments, I want you to pull out every tooth I have got in my head, and these gentlemen will probably want the same done to theirs; at the same time he began to make ready for the operation. The Doctor and the other two were confounded. 'Come Doctor don't wait,' and setting open his mouth, he discovered to the company that he had in his head but one rootless old snag that would hardly keep in his head.

It was presently out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, paid the Vermonters for his coat, hat and boots, and went off to bed grinding their molars.

FIRST LOVE.—There is no love like first love? and let the world say what it will of the nonsense and romance of the passion if it were not for those warm and disinterested feelings which spring up in the heart like meteors in a frosty sky, the better qualities of mankind would be choked with thorough selfishness. The stoic does every thing by rule; he has no feelings to give him pleasure or pain; or, if he has any, they are kept so entirely under control, that they are never allowed to operate to either his happiness or misery. Love is the foundation, the root, the master-piece of all the fine emotions of the heart; and pity, friendship, esteem, and veneration are but branches of the same prolific tree; or, to speak more metaphorically, they are as little rivulets diverging from the ocean-bed, animating, softening and beautifying those tracts of wild nature in which their silvery channels circulate. But true love is as distinct from passion as bravery is from desperation; affection, like courage, must flow in one smooth, regular, and continued stream, neither overflowing its banks, nor shrinking within its boundaries; removing every obstacle, and overpowering every difficulty, without making any display of its own powers. It is not love nor valour that breaks out with whizzing violence, at unexpected and often unseasonable periods, and, like Jack lantern on a dark night, leads a man across bog, moor, and mountain, until he has lost his way in a slough or broken his neck over a precipice; this is not love, this is madness, yet how often will early affection assume its guise. When the heart is just opening to a comprehension of its own feelings, before the sordid concerns of the world have fascinated the attention; when every object wears the garb of innocence, and as the bright qualities of mind and soul are putting forth the branch of promise, then indeed, does love appear to be the business of life; then it partakes of all the fervour of enthusiasm, all the purity of devotion! Not a thought can be associated with the image of the beloved object that is not strictly compatible with honour truth, and virtue; the fancy weaves around it a web of holiness, through which nothing impure can penetrate; and it is enthroned within the sanctum sanctorum of the heart unmixed with baser matter. Yet, early love, like the bravery of a young and intrepid arm, is apt, sometimes, to turn into irregular movements, and fling the gauntlet at a shadow; it blazes forth in fits and starts, commits extravagancies, & though never deficient in intrinsic value, will very often wear the mask of folly; but it is a flame with all its eccentricities, that has never yet glowed in a selfish bosom, and that cannot be kindled on any soil which is not perfectly honourable, warm, and disinterested.

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success, qualify for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs and confessors of ancient times in bracing their minds to outward calamity, acquired a loftiness of purpose, a moral heroism, that was worth a life of softness and security.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail-subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Horace Wells, Henryville.
Allen Wheeler, Noyan.
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.
Thos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

I hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships. Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V-71f

Tenders

WILL be received at the Office of the British American Land Company, for the supply of

3000 Cedar Posts, &
3000 do. Rails.

To be delivered at Sherbrooke, on or before the 10th May next.
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836.

Tenders

WILL be received by the British American Land Company, for the construction of 8 frame Buildings, 24 by 36 feet, according to a plan and specification, to be seen at their Office at Sherbrooke.
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836. V2 99-1f

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED!!!

Munson & Co.,

IN returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

Fall & Winter GOODS!

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Missiskoui Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.

Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & BATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY,

AT

BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt. }
January 12 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.
Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11-1y.

For Sale,



AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V. 222, 12w

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgetown, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Drugist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Missiskoui Bay, Brandy and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane, a William Lane, Jun., Honor Lane, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Tring, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the bark Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Province and Townships, are requested to insert this. Montreal, 1836.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 32 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says:—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union;' the other, the Enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'It is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 20th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give to its permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tales to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premiums, will also be included in the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hopes Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its interesting attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps).

WOODWARD & CLARKE.
Philadelphia.